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GRAND GULF CAVERN

A GREAT CAVE THAT IS IN SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI.

Its Mysterious Depths Were First Explored by Two Men of More Than Ordinary Courage—The Story of Their Perilous Journey.

Southwest Missouri is full of strange earth formations that are called "natural" curiosities in spite of their unnaturalness. The earth is full of caves and sink holes. One of the most celebrated of these is the Grand Gulf, in Oregon county, about four miles from Koshkonong. It is a sort of canyon, in shape not unlike a horseshoe and serves the purpose of a drainage bed in the wet season for a 12 mile area of hills. The canyon is 220 feet deep, with a natural bridge in one place and a subterranean lake and river that opens at one end. The river only exists during the wet season, for the earth at the bottom of the canyon is porous and absorbs the water. The lake, however, is full the whole year round.

This cave, containing the subterranean river and lake, had never been explored to the end till the summer of 1885, when Pat Foley, a saloon keeper from Thayer, with a companion performed the exploit. Foley had made two trips before into the cave, but had not been able to secure a companion courageous enough to persevere in the enterprise. Each man had weakened and returned before the end of the cave was reached. On the third trip, however, Foley had with him a man of courage.

The entrance to the cave is wide and deep. The bed is of broken stones, over which trickles a tiny stream of water in the dry season. A hundred feet inside the cave the entrance suddenly narrows into a hole so small that a man must get on hands and knees to pass through. Beyond this narrow hole the entrance widens into a large grotto. There is a steep hill to climb; next the hill descends sharply into a lake. To penetrate to the end of this lake it was necessary to have a boat so small that it could be dragged through the narrow passage into the grotto.

Foley and his companion built a boat of suitable size and hauled it through the narrow entrance. They took with them also a long coil of rope, a quantity of matches, some railroad lanterns and four torches with cotton wadding on the ends soaked in kerosene. The cave of course is perfectly dark. The men used their lanterns till they got through the narrow place, but to their amazement the lantern flames inside the grotto slowly grew dim and finally went out. They tried to light them again, but the sulphur of the matches would flare up only to be extinguished immediately. The reason of this was that the atmosphere was exceedingly damp and heavy.

The men succeeded in lighting the four kerosene torches, and grasping one of them in each hand they made their way down the slope to the lake and stood the torches up between the rocks. The torches smoldered like hot coals, giving out very little flame. The boat was dragged down to the lake, the torches fastened at the prow and stern, one end of the rope tied to a bowlder and the rest of the coil thrown in the boat. When the two men got down in the frail craft they found the water rose to within three inches of the gunwales. It was impossible to use oars without tipping the boat far enough to sink it, so the men were forced to paddle cautiously with their hands.

They forced the little craft into the unknown lake, the smoldering torches lighting up the blackness for only a few feet around them. Outside it was a warm summer day, they knew, but inside it was like a closed refrigerator, all blackness and dampness and cold. The water of the lake was ice cold, and at every few dips they had to stop and warm their hands. There was nothing to be seen on any side—nothing but darkness. No sound could penetrate the cavern. If the boat should capsize—as it was likely to do with the slightest disturbance—they would be cramped in a minute in the cold water without a chance of help from the outside.

After a long and tedious paddling the boat's prow was suddenly buried in a bank of mud and gravel. Foley took a torch and stepped out cautiously in his rubber boots into the mud. He found he had come to the end of the lake and that a sharply inclined wall of rock rose before him. The saloon keeper climbed up the wall about 40 feet above the lake searching for a cavern ended there. He returned to the boat, where his companion sat. The two men made their way across the lake and out through the narrow place in safety. They had been gone an hour, and their friends outside had begun to fear an accident had happened to them.

So far as people know, the cave in the Grand Gulf has no outlet. The Indian traditions about the cave are that it was a subterranean waterway much used at one time by boatmen, who used to carry provisions in boats to the Arkansas valley. If this be true, the river must have been stopped up many years ago by some convulsion of nature and the lake formed then.—Kansas City Star.

Why "Sapho" With One P?

Why do the French people spell "Sappho" with a single "p?" This seems to contradict Mark Twain's famous saying that foreigners always seem to spell so much better than they pronounce. Dr. Johnson explained such idiosyncrasies in his own characteristic fashion—"So far as I can see, sir, foreigners are fools!"—London Globe.

A Dainty Summer Dessert.

Some of the daintiest desserts are evolved from a gelatin foundation. For one of the sort the first step is to make a custard of half a pint of milk, half a cupful of sugar and the yolks of two eggs. Put the gelatin, about one-fourth of a box, to soak in cold water. When it is soft, add it to the custard. Put the dish containing the mixture into a pan of cold water and stir vigorously. Flavor with vanilla or any chosen flavor and when the gelatin begins to harden stir in a cupful of whipped cream. Finally pour it into a mold and set it on the ice to harden.

DANGEROUS MAN EATERS.

The African Crocodile Is a Swift, Silent and Fatal Foe.

"The most dangerous foes we have to meet on the Kongo," says Stanley, "are the crocodile, the hippopotamus and the buffalo. On my last visit to the Kongo three of my men were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are herds of hippopotamuses along the Kongo and its tributaries and thousands of crocodiles. The latter are the worst foes, because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river. He is standing near the shore, laughing at you perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath. Suddenly he falls over, and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail and seized him instantly.

"Or it may be that the man is swimming. He is totally unconscious of danger. There is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension, but there in deep water, under the shadow of that rock or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches. He is within striking distance. Stealthily, silently, unperceived, the creature makes for its prey. The man knows nothing until he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more. A bubble or two indicate the place where he has gone down, and that is all."

One of Harrison's Jokes.

"Benjamin Harrison once played a mean trick on me at Miami university," said William P. Fishback. "We boarded with a widow in Oxford, and there came to be a discontent among the boys about the food not being sufficiently generous in supply. A meeting was held in Harrison's room to arrange a formal protest. Lots were cast as to who should present the case at the breakfast table. The ballot box was stuffed, and I was elected. I spoke at the breakfast table and stated that the boys objected to paying so much for so scant a menu. I expected to be supported by the others.

"Benjamin Harrison spoke and, to my dismay, said: 'We don't know how Mr. Fishback has been living at home—he may have been a pampered son of luxury—but, as for the rest of us, we have no complaint to make.'

"And that disposition of fun and humor never left Benjamin Harrison."

Warmth of Birds' Blood.

The blood of birds offers some data for thought not found in the blood of any other class of animals. The blood corpuscles are shaped differently, being oval instead of round. But this is not the difference to which I refer. Birds' blood is several degrees warmer than that of other animals. To man such a temperature of the blood as birds possess would be a fever. This high temperature causes molecular changes in the tissues and brain to take place more rapidly, which would cause the consumption of more food, and brain activity would be more intense, so that for the same amount of work a smaller brain would meet all the requirements, which at a lower temperature would require one of greater size—Phrenological Journal.

THE LITTLE DINNER.

For the Hostess of Moderate Circumstances and Dainty Tastes.

Dinner giving is one of the most exacting of social functions. The uninitiated hostess makes a mistake if she tries to pay her social obligations in bulk, especially if her means are limited. For such a one a "little dinner" is best, and the following hints about it, from The Household, will be helpful: It is important that there be no more than the table can accommodate in comfort or the usual help attend to. Large dinner parties in small houses mean failure as a rule. Four or six guests can be properly entertained much better than a dozen, and the compliment to the few invited is far greater than where a crowd is met.

Too many courses are a mistake. From five to seven are sufficient. Nothing is more wearying than the "little dinner" served with pompous ostentation. Don't overcrowd your table, and have plenty of room. The ventilation of the dining room should receive extra care. Air the room throughout the day and let the temperature be about 68 degrees. A fire is seldom necessary, as the lights and food warm a room quickly.

Cover the table—a round one is the most social of all forms—with a heavy silence cloth, over which place a linen damask freshly laundered. This may be elaborated with insertion of renaissance or bands of cluny lace or Mexican drawn work in fanciful designs. The plain damask hemstitched cloths are never out of style and always look well. Colored cloths and napkins are not used at dinners.

No dinner table is complete without flowers, but great care must be observed in their selection. Delicately tinted flowers are preferable, because they will harmonize better with other colors. Another thing to be avoided is the possibility of annoying one's guests with the strong scent of some otherwise suitable flowers.

A low glass bowl filled with loose sprays of chrysanthemums, edged with a feathery green vine and resting on a daintily embroidered center cloth, forms an excellent centerpiece, or, if you are the possessor of a round, silver rimmed mirror, place it in the center of the table and encircle with fern tips or sprays of smilax or spikes of white and green mignonette. On the mirror place a slender vase containing a few perfect half blown roses or carnations with a few sprays of green. At each place lay a loose cluster of long stemmed rosebuds or carnations.

Short stemmed flowers are effectively arranged in a border of smilax or other green vine wound in an artistic manner about the table.

The candelabra are placed at either end of the central mass of bloom crowned with shades the hue of the flowers that are used or white. Single candlesticks are now frequently seen in place of the larger candelabrum. From four to eight are used, according to the size of the table.

Tiny dishes containing olives, salted almonds and bonbons are placed about the centerpiece.

RENEWING OLD TREES.

Skillful Treatment Will Restore Them to Youthful Beauty.

Old trees are among the most cherished treasures of rural and suburban homes. They are the most costly, too, as every finished product is costly into which has entered those transforming and creative processes which only long reaches of time can furnish. An old house may fall down or be destroyed by fire, and while we mourn the loss of the visible sign of old associations a better and more beautiful structure can be made to take its place, but when an old tree that has been the guardian of the home for generations and stood there before the home was founded surrenders to the blast the loss is beyond repair, for a long time at least. As there is no immediate remedy possible, the need of precaution becomes all the greater.

When one of these old sentinels begins to show signs of disease and decay and year by year grows more attenuated in its branches and weaker in leaf growth and power, we watch it as we watch a friend attacked by a slow but incurable malady. But remedies are now being discovered for almost every ill of the body, and successful tree surgery is or may be as common as the higher form of that science. A recent number of Garden and Forest discusses the rejuvenescence of old trees and gives practical directions for effecting it. Directly to the point are two illustrations of the same tree, a venerable oak in the Arnold arboretum. The first is of a tree with farreaching branches, but marked by infallible signs of decrepitude, the leafage scanty and the general prospect of life discouraging.

The second illustration shows the same tree 12 years later, shorter of limb, it is true, but displaying vigor in every leaf and fiber and exhibiting every characteristic of youth and strength and hopeful promise of longevity. No miracle, not even one of nature's, has been performed. The result is simply one of skillful tree surgery, of intelligent pruning according to the De Car system, which, instead of sending the tree blood long distances through collapsed and withered arteries, contracts the area and applies the nourishing forces in such a way that they can be assimilated and made to promote the growth of all the members.

The process is one which almost any intelligent farmer or tree owner should be able to apply. "Vigor can be restored to a tree in this condition by shortening all its branches by one-third or one-half their entire length. The only care needed in this operation is to cut back each main branch to a healthy lateral branch, which will serve to attract [illegible]

Origin of Octave Thanet.

Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) spoke to a friend not long ago upon the origin of her pen name.

"My writing and my pen name are purely matters of chance. I had my first stories in my mind for ten years before I put them on paper, and I only disposed of them then because I thought they might aid the people whose cause I was interested in. 'Octave,' the first part of my pen name, was the Christian name of a schoolmate who was a great inspiration to me in my writing, and 'Thanet' was the name of a freight car which the children of my neighborhood loved to play in and about."

Fashion's Echoes.

A loosely woven nun's veiling, somewhat resembling that old favorite "bunting," will be a useful and pleasant summer dress fabric, being light and cool.

The sunbonnet is to be an established style of the summer and appears in lawns, piques, ginghams and wash silk.

Some very stunning costumes are made in white mohair.

Knife plaited skirts are popular in thin silks and canvases.

Handkerchief waists are in high favor. Jaunty little lace boleros give the needed touch of style to plain suits.

Silk petticoats are trimmed with accordion plaited flounces.

The empire scarf of silk, mull or chiffon promises to be a fad of the summer.

The yoke back, so popular last season, is hardly seen on the new shirt waists.

Guipure blouses will be much worn, in black over white, with a colored satin collar band and buttons imitating some precious stone, preferably turquoise.

ENGLAND'S RESOURCES.

Sir Richard Temple Regards Them as Equal to Any Emergency.

In the June number of The North American Review the Right Hon. Sir Richard Temple, formerly governor of Bombay, gives a most impressive account of the vast possessions and the numerous points of vantage held by Great Britain in Asia, illustrating the means by which she exercises practical domination over a large part of that continent. Sir Richard points out also how certain recent movements of some of the European powers, which have revealed a purpose of challenging or weakening her position there, impose upon her the necessity of a policy of watchfulness. Her resources he regards as equal to any emergency. He says:

"Whether the present is a fitting time for other powers to try any contests with Britain is a question for them to determine. Britain is at the acme of her puissance. Never has she displayed such resourcefulness as she has recently displayed in South Africa, and yet her resources are very far from exhaustion. Indeed they have not even yet been adequately called forth. She is still ready to meet any combination that could reasonably be anticipated, and if the present war shall be speedily terminated then she will have forces available in a strength never before equaled in all her eventful history. She can afford to regard other nations quite complacently, whatever they may say, realizing what her rights are throughout the world and knowing well how to guard them."

Permanent Pastures.

The permanent pasture will soon be the most valuable feature of every well regulated farm where stock is kept, and when we establish these pastures we will pay close attention to a mixture of grass seeds which will produce grass the year round. I value the often despised orchard grass. It furnishes a good bite of grass in the spring before any other variety has started into growth. Horses are very fond of it at all times, but cattle like other grasses better.—Land and Living.